THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

VOL. VI WASHINGTON CITY D C. DECEMBER 17, 1842. NO. XLIV WHOLE NO 578

THE HUNTRESS
WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY
MRS. ANNE ROYALL.
At the corner of North B and Third sts.
Capitol Hill

SELECTED TALES.

From the Christian Souvenier for 1843.

THE CORAL RING.

Or. the Temperance Pledge.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

'There is no time of life in which young girls are so thoroughly selfish as from fifteen to twenty,' said Edward Ashton, deliberately, as he laid down a book he had been reading, and leaned over the centre table.

'You insulting fellow!' replied a tall brilliant creature, who was lounging on an ottoman hard by, over one of Dicken's last works.

'Truth, cos—for all that,' said the gentleman, with the air of one who means to provoke a discussion.

'Now, Edward, this is just one of your wholesale declarations—for nothing only to get me into a dispute with you, you know,' replied the lady. 'Os your conscience, now, (if you have one,) is it not so?'

'My conscience feels quite easy, cousin, in subscribing to that sentiment, as my confession of faith,' replied the gentleman, with provoking sang froid.

'Pshaw—it's one of your fusty old bachelor notions. See what comes now, of your living to your time of life without a wife—disrespect for the sex, and all that. Really, cousin, your symptoms are getting alarming.'

'Nay, now, cousin Florence,' said Edward, 'you are a girl of moderately good sense, with all your nonsense—now don't you (I know you do) think just so too?'

'Think just so too!—do you hear the creature!' replied Florence. 'No, sir; you can speak for yourself in this matter. But I beg leave to enter my protest when you speak for me too.'

'Well, now, where is there, cos, among all our circle, a young girl that has any sort of purpose or object in life to speak of, except to make herself as interesting and agreeable as possible—to be admired, and to pass her time in as amusing a way as she can? Where will you find one between fifteen and twenty, that has any serious regard for the improvement and best welfare of those with whom she is connected at all, or that modifies her conduct in the least with reference to it? Now, cousin, in very serious earnest, you have about as much real character, as much earnestness and depth of feeling, and as much good sense, when one can get at it as any young lady of them all, and yet on your conscience, can you say that you live with any sort of reference to anybody's good—or to anything but your own amusement and gratification?'

'What a shocking adjuration,' replied the lady, prefaced, too, by a three story compliment! Well, being so adjured, I must think to the best of my ability. And now, seriously and soberly, I don't see as I am selfish—I do all that I have any occasion to do, for any body. You know that we have servants to do every thing that is necessary about the house, so that there is no occasion for my making any display of housewifery excellence; and I wait on mamma if she has a headache, and hand papa his slippers and newspaper, and find uncle John's spectacles for him twenty times a day, (no small matter that,) and then—'

'But after all, what is the object and purpose of your life?'

'Why—I have'n't any. I don't see how I can have any—that is, as I am made. Now, you know, I've none of the fussing, baby tending, herb-tea making recommendations of aunt Sally, and divers others of the elect unanimously called useful. Indeed, to tell the truth, I think useful persons are commonly rather fussy and stupid. They are just like the boneset and horehound and catnip, very necessary to be raised in a garden, but not in the least ornamental.'

'And you charming young ladies who philosophize in kid slippers and French dresses, are the tulips and roses.—very charming, and delightful, and sweet, but fit for nothing on earth but parlor ornaments.'

'Well, parlor ornaments are good in their way,' said the young lady, coloring, and looking a little vexed.

'So you give up the point, then,' said the gentleman, 'that you girls are good for—just to amuse yourself, amuse others, look pretty, and be agreeable.

'Well, and if we behave well to our parents, and are amiable in the family,—I don't know—and yet,' said Florence, sighing, 'I have often had a sort of vague idea of something higher that we might become—yet really—what more than this is expected of us? what else can we do?

'I used to read, in old fashioned novels, about ladies visiting the sick and the poor,' replied Edward. 'You remember Coelebs in Search of a Wife!'

'Yes, truly; that is to say, I remember the story part of it, and the love scenes; but as for all those everlasting conversations of Doctor Barlow, Mr. Stanley, and nobody knows who else, I skipped those of course. But really, this visiting and tending the poor, and all that seems very well in a story, where the lady goes into a picturesque cottage half overgrown with honeysuckle, and finds an emaciated, but still beautiful woman propped up by pillows But come to the downright matter of fact, of poking about in all these vile, dirty alleys and entering little dark rooms, amid troops of grinning children, and smelling codfish and onions, and nobody knows what—dear me, my benevolence always evaporates before I get through. I'd rather pay anybody five dollars a day to do it for me than do it myself. The fact is that I have neither fancy nor nerves for this kind of thing'

'Well, granting, then, you can do nothing for your fellow-creature unless you are to do it in the most genteel, comfortable and picturesque manner possible, is there not a great field for a woman like you, Florence, in your influence over your associates!—With your talents for conversation, you tact and self-possession, and lady like gift of saying anything you choose, are you not responsible, in some wise, for the influence you exert over those by whom you are surrounded?'

'I never thought of it, replied Florence.

'Now, you remember the remarks that Mr. Fortesque made, the other evening, on the religious services at church?'

'Yes, I do, and I thought then he was too bad.

'And I do not suppose there was one of you ladies in the room that did not think so too, but the matter was all passed over with smiles, and with not a single insinuation that he had said any thing unpleasing or disagreeable.'

Well, what could we do! One does not want to be rude, you know.

Do!—could you not, Florence, you who have always taken the lead in society, and who have been noted for always being able to say and do what you please—could you not have shown him that those remarks were unpleasing to you, as decidedly as you certainly would have done if they had related to the character of your father or brother! To my mind, a woman of true moral feeling should feel herself as much insulted when her religion is treated with contempt, as if the contempt were shown to herself. Do you not know the power which is given to you women to awe and restraint us in your presence, and to guard the sacredness of things which you treat as holy—Believe me, Florence' that Fortesque, infidel as he is, would reverence a woman with whom he dared not trifle on sacred subjects.'

Florence rose from her seat with a heightened color, her dark eyes brightening through tears.

'I am sure what you say is just, cousin and yet I have never thought of it before. I will—I am determined to begin, after this, to live with some better purpose than I have done.

And let me tell you, Florence, in starting a new course, as in learning to walk, taking the first step is every thing. Now, I have a first step to propose to you.

'Well, cousin—'

'Well, you know, I suppose, that among your train of adorers you number Colonel Elliot"

Florence smiled.

'And perhaps you do not know, what is certainly true, that among the most discerning and cool part of his friends, Elliot is considered as a lost man.

'Good heavens! Edward what do you mean?'

'Simply this, that with all his brilliant talents, his amiable and generous feelings, and his success in society, Elliot has not self control enough to prevent his becoming confirmed in intemperate habits.'

'I never dreamed of this,' replied Florence. 'I knew that he was spirited and free, fond of society, and excitable, but never suspected any thing beyond.

'Elliot has tact enough never to appear in ladies' society when he is not in a fit state for it,' replied Edward—'but yet it is so.

'But is he really so bad!'

'He stands just on the verge, Florence—just where a word fitly spoken might turn him. He is a noble creature, full of all sorts of fine impulses and feelings, the only son of a mother who doats, on him, the idolized brother of sisters who love him as you love your brothers, Florence—and he stands where a word a look—so they be of the right and—might save him.

And why, then, do you not speak to him? said Florence.

'Because I am not the best person, Florence, There is another who can do it better—one whom he admires, who stands in a position which would forbid his feeling angry—a person, cousin in, whom I have heard in gayer moments say that she knew how to say anything she pleased, without offending any body.'

'O, Edward!' said Florence, coloring, 'do not bring up my foolish speeches against me—and do not speak as if I ought to interfere in this matter, for indeed I cannot do it. I never could in the world—I am certain I could not.'

'And so,' said Edward, 'you whom I have heard say so many things which no one else could say, or dared to say—you, who have gone on with your laughing assurance in your own powers of pleasing, shrink from ryingt that power when a noble and generous heart might be saved by it. You have been willing to venture a great deal for the sake of amusing yourself, and winning admiration, but you dare not say a word for any high or noble purpose. Do you not see how you confirm what I said of the selfishness of you women!

'But you must remember, Edward, this is a matter of great delicacy.

'That word delicacy is a charming cover all in all these cases, Florence.—Now, here is a fine, noble spirited young man, away from his mother and sisters, away from any family friend who might care for him, tempted, betrayed, almost to ruin, and a few words, from you, said as a woman knows how to say them, might be his salvation. But you will cooly look on and see him go to destruction, because you have too much delicacy to make the effort, like the man that would not help his neighbor out of the water because he had never had the honor of an introduction.

'But, Edward, consider how peculiarly fastidious Elliot is—how jealous of any attempt to restrain and guide him.

'And jus. for that reason it is that men of his acquaintance cannot do anything with him. But what are you women made with so much tact and power of charming for, if it is not to do these very things that we men cannot do? It is a delicate matter—true, and has not Heaven given to you a fine touch and a nice eye for just such delicate matters! Have you not seen, a thousand times, that what might be resented, as an impertinent interference on the part of a man, comes to us as a flattering expression of interest, from the lips of a woman.

Well, but cousin, what would you have me do? how would you have me do it? said Florence, earnestly.

You know that Fashion, which makes so many wrong turns, and so many absurd ones, has at last made one right one, and it is now a fashionable thing to sign the temperance pledge.—Elliot himself would be glad to do it, but he foolishly committed himself against it in the outset, and now feels bound to stand to his opinion. He has too, been rather rudely assailed by some of the apostles of the new state of things, who did not understand the peculiar points of his character—in short, I am afraid that he will feel bound to go to destruction for the sake of supporting his own opinion. Now, if I should undertake with him he might shoot me—but I hardly think there is anything of the sort to be apprehended in your case Just try your enchantments, you have bewitched wise men into doing foolish things, before now—try, now, if you can't bewitch a foolish man into doing a wise thing.

Florence smiled archly, but instantly grew more thoughtful.

'Well, cousin, she said,' 'I will try. Though you are liberal in your ascriptions of power, yet I can put the matter to the test of experiment.'

* * * * * *

Florence Elmore was at the time we speak of in her twentieth year. Born in one of the wealthiest families in——, highly educated and accomplished, idolized by her parents and brothers, she had entered the world as one born to command. With much native nobleness, and magnanimity of character, with warm and impulsive feelings and a capability of everything high or great, she had hitherto lived solely to her own amusement, and looked on the whole brilliant circle by which she was surrounded, with all its various actors, as something got up for her special diversion. The idea of influencing any one, for better or worse, by anything she ever said or did had never occurred to her. The crowd of admirers, of course, were always about her, she regarded as so many sources of diversion—but the idea of feeling any sympathy with them as human beings, or of making use of her power over them for their improvement, was one that had never entered her head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—Curran, when addressing a jury on one occasion, observed the effect produced on their minds by the omnious shake of the head which the judge gave at the conclusion of most of the sentences. At once, to relieve them and rebuke his Lordship, Curran with inimitable wit, remarked, 'Gentlemen of the jury, his Lordship shakes his head, but you need take no notice whatever of it, for I can assure you there is nothing in it.'

'I'm in for my whack,' as the boy said when he was hoisted up for a flogging.

THE COMPLAISANT HUSBAND.—A gentleman seeing his wife in a very sullen mood, asked her how she did. She answered him that she was not sick, nor yet very well. Nay, quoth he, then I may even turn thee out of doors, for I only promised to cherish thee 'in sickness or health:' which answered removed her sullen humor.

SHORT.—A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia:

'Your majesty' said she, 'my husband treats me badly.'

'That is none of my business.'

'But he speaks very ill of you.'

'That is none of *your business*.'

AWFUL.—The Message of the Gov, of S. Carolina would fill about thirteen columns of the Star. When will public men cease making such gabbling old women of themselves?

A young dandy, who supported an enormous moustache, asked a lady what she thought of his looks. "Why" said she, "you look as if you had swallowed a possy, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth.

We borrowed that of scissors.—*Richmond Star.*

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1842.

THAT WOUND.

Our wounded hand is mending fast, but not so as to justify a free use of it, and we are very sure our friends would grately prefer the alternative of *no paper*, than that we should arrest the rapid improvement of the hand.

But saving accidents, we shall be again on the roll, and answer to our name. Mean time we have scribbled a little, just by way of amusement, and to gratify our very particular friends Amos and F. P.

THE GLOBE,

The Globe is still for war. The editors have made new discoveries as a source of war with England, their intelligence and foresight as guardians of American honor, 'specially, Massa BENTON, are indispensable to the safety and welfare of the United States? What would become of the country, were it not for them. They see so far ahead. Wonderful men! Mr. WEBSTER indeed. Don't talk of your Webster's, and your Spencer's.

There now is an opening overlooked by Mr. Webster, on our "Northwest coast." The British may send a fleet there and cut off our trade with the Kamscatkians, Esquamaux, &c.

Not only this, but they might take it into their heads to march across the Rocky mountains, capturing Santa Fe enpassant-be upon our rear, before we could get our knapsacks on, or pick our flints. These Britishers are adroit fellows, and might even have the audacity to engage our renowned Florida army. Then comes the tug of American bravery

Where is that wagon that cost $360? bring it forward, as a sample, and have a gross or so made like it in New York, and ship them west by steamboats, at $450 per day, to transport munitions of war over the Rocky mountains, to meet those secret vessels of war that have been despatched by Her Majesty in that direction, after no good you may be sure.

And then two or three millions of stores, arms, and especially provisions at about two hundred per cent., can be laid in at NEW YORK, as in the Florida war, and what a time we will have amongst the Locos, dollars will be as plenty in New York as blackberries; no necessity to let the prisoners out of the tombs to vote the Democratic ticket.

Strong calculations are making by the tone of the war Official to throw money into New York, and the plague is in it, if the Benton folks can not get up a breeze with England.

There is the DOBB affair, the CANADA affair, the Treaty, and now the PANAMA secret destination, to which we may add as a precursor, Col. Benton's speech in secret session against the treaty now publishing in his official, the GLOBE, touched off with his precious letter of the 9th instant as a climax.

As a curiosity to those of our readers who may not have had an opportunity of seeing the letter in question, here is a copy of it:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 9, 1842.

"Messrs. BLAIR & RIVES: A movement of some of my friends in Missouri, which was intended as a mere compliment to me, and a mere expression of their individual opinions, has brought upon me a great deal of trouble, in the shape of a cloud of letters from all parts of the Union, calling upon me "TO DEFINE MY POSITION IN RELATION TO THE NEXT PRESIDENCY." The number of these letters puts it out of my power to answer them; and, not to answer, might seem to admit the conclusions which they imply; and, to make a definition of my position, is a thing that I cannot do. I never change my position, and, therefore, never have to FIND it, or DEFINE it. I leave it to my conduct to tell what I am; and if that is not sufficient, I do not think the use of phrases will help the matter. I am no political enigma, and need no solution on the Presidential question, or any other. My conduct has shown me to be for Mr VAN BUREN for the Presidency, and against myself for any place whatever, except the one I have; and with this declaration I hope my correspondents in all parts of the Union will be satisfied and will consider their inquiries fully answered.

"Yours, respectfully,
"THOMAS H. BENTON"

[MADISONIAN.]

If this be not Bombastus suffocated in his own fumigations, we should like to know what else it is? We could not have believed that even F. P. as Mr. Blair is called, would have thus publicly exposed the vanity and shallowness of his friend. For Mr. Blair though of late a vulgar blustering Demagouge (from self-interest,) is not without sense.

Such miserable stuff shows the man in all his naked deformity. He reminds one of the OLD SONG "most dead for want of a wife, we think the man must be "most dead for the Presidency, "Bah" as cousin Streeter says.

"A man that would stoop to such pitiful shifts to gain popularity, away with him. it is below jackcadism."

"I leave it to my conduct to tell what I am." and then he is troubled "in th shape of a cloud of letters from all parts of the Union calling upon me to define my position in relation to the next Presidency," no one would ever have made the discovery if he had not informed them? Did ever man utter such sickening egotism. It goes beyond the bragard JOHN DOBB who said he would leave his dead body in the ditch before he would yield, and was the first to run away.

The Globe will no doubt enlighten mankind by spreading some of those clouds of letters before them from "all parts of the Union."

We heard of a gentleman once who wrote letters nominating himself for the Presidency and then would decline the nomination in the answers.

Again, "my conduct has shown me to be for Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency [he leaves out the word NEXT] and against myself" what a sacrifice! Now the fact is that going for Mr. Van Buren the gentleman goes for himself for it is pretty generally known that he and the Globe and Co, controlled the Van Buren administration, what will intellegent workingmen say to this bungling affair, what will Miky say?

Col. Benton had better stick to the war scheme, or the "God and nature" scheme, that is have no laws nor constitutions. The latter project has just been organizeed by a Convention of men women and children in the athens of America under the auspices, of that genius of PURITY, and REFINEMENT, GREEN of the POST.

MICHAEL WALSH ESQ. OF THE PARK, NEW YORK.—By the way Miky being on a visit to this city—and seeing our cordial invitation addressed to him in the Huntress, called upon us like a gentleman.

Mr. W. is none of your old political Hacks. He is young and fresh looking in the full bloom of manhood, tall erect stout and vigiours his person is finely formed with proportionably turned limbs. His face is oval, and fair, neither thin nor full, his features are regular and pleasing with a high square forehead—and honest open brow. His eye is a dark blue rather small but very keen and piercing, his countenance is honesty and good nature itself, and his manners are friendly and natural.

THE HUNTRESS.

As a remuneration, (a very poor one to be sure,) we have cliped a few political peices from exchanges. True, being no politicians ourselves, of course we are no judge of politics. But when we see any thing of President making, we suppose it will be understood by some body.

Our hand is very tender yet, indeed some would keep their bed with no worse wound, but we kept about all the time. Next week if no accident, we throw down our glove to COLONEL BANKHEAD of the &c. &c

"The following, which we extract from the Mobile Register, will show the great unanimity among the modern Democracy. We caution all to look out for loss of funds ahead.

For the Register.

I am an old Jackson and Van Buren Democrat whose confidence is faint in many of those who fought so long with the Whigs against the Democratic party, but are now setting upon to be such exclusive democrats that Jackson and Van Buren are not good enough for them. I like Mr. Calhoun for his late course, and has no objections to see him President, if it be the wish of the Democratic party of the country. I will endeavor too, as long as I can, to separate him from those ultra friends who take such positions with regard to his elevation, as will, I fear, infallibly bring him into conflict with a majority at least, of those who have constituted the Democracy of Alabama. That Democracy cannot sympathise with the new lights, who make indirect impeachments of Jackson and Van Buren, to give unwonted prominence to Mr. Calhoun.

I have been watching the developments, and among them I find the following plainly set down in the organ of that party of the party, within a few weeks, which I set down without comment, that the old Democracy may see which way the lights are going.

We are told that "pap sucking Democrats" will go for their usual food to Mr. Van Buren, an insinuation of corruption against him, which thirty-three thousand Democrats in this State in 1840, voted to be a whig slander.

We are told that Mr. Calhoun mostly supported every Democratic administration, and as Mr. Calhoun ardently opposed Gen Jackson's administration, the intent, which the authors will not disclaim, was to declare Gen. Jackson's administration not democratic.

We are now told that Mr. V B. administration was a 'dynasty of dulness'—that a contest with him as a leader would be 'spiritless and unenthusiastic,' and that it would be better to be 'beaten' under the standard of 'such' a man as Calhoun, than to win a bootless fight under another leader.

The tone which the Nullifiers used to supply to the whole North, Whig as well as Democrat, is now revived against the Democracy, and preference for any other candidate than Mr. Calhoun, is sneeringly attributed to 'Yankee' influence.

This is not the way in which sincere Democrats talk. SIRAWS.

"Certainly, sirs, no man who cannot change darkness into light, can make either heads or tails of it—although 'C. E. R.' has come forward purely for the purpose of defining his position, (he must be a Calhoun chap,) some awful crisis just ahead I expect;) but to prove that State banks are unconstitutional, he goes on to quote the tenth section of the constitution of the United States, which says, "no State shall coin money," also, 'no State shall emit bills of credit," likewise "no State shall make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts.' Now sirs, in the name of common sense, what has all this to do with incorporating a Bank? First, "no State shall coin money,' which simply means no State shall convert any kind of metal into money—next, "no State shall emit bills of credit," which simply means that no State shall send forth as money, bills similar to the Treasury notes of Van Buren memory—next, "no State shall make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts"—every body who knows any thing, well knows that bank notes, nor no other kind of notes are not now, nor never were a legal tender in payment of debts. I again ask, what has all this to do with incorporating a bank? not a whit more than it has to do with passing any common act of legislation. "C. E. R." next goes on to quote Mr. Madison's comment on the above mentioned tenth section, which comment relates, entirely, to the power of the States to emit bills of credit, to coin, or regulate coin, or to make anything but gold and silver a legal tender in payment of debts—nor can the mind of any human being, by the most fortuous construction of which it is capable, make any sentence, word or letter of the comment refer in the remotest degree to the right of a State to incorporate a Bank. Then sirs, immediately after this quotation, "C. E. R." tells us, "upon so high authority," he 'thought' he 'might rely in safety." Had it not been for his extreme condescension in wishing to 'harmonize with men of modern times,' how very complaisant—egad we are marvellously obliged to you.

But, Messrs. Editors, what Antedeluvian is this who thus speaks of "men of modern times?' why did he not give us grand daddy Adam's opinions on banking, and the 'modus operandi' by which he converted fig leaves into bank notes and leather aprons! Sirs, one would suppose from the great horror which this old 'C. E. R.' seems to entertain for banking and coining money, that he is in his dotage, and imagines himself the calf that Aaron made, and entertains mortal fears that these wicked, avericious 'men of modern times' will take him to the mint—but be quiet old one, a calf you may be, but that you are gold is another question. If you have any metal about you, I guess its lead, and that is snugly safe in your thick head. Be quiet then, no danger not the least 'in life' I assure you."—*Oxford (N. C.) Mercury;*

A Dutchman, in proceeding to a place from whence he heard the cries of distress, discovered one of his neighbors under a stone wall which had fallen upon him and fractured his legs. 'Well, den, neighbor Vandord ken, vat is de matter vid you?' 'Vat! vy you see mine conditions vid all desh big stones upon me, and both mine legs proke off close by, mine poddy.' 'Mine Cot,' said Honie. 'ish dat all! you hollowed so like de tivil, I thought you was got the toothache.

—o—

THE QUIZ QUIZZED.—A swell clerk, from the city of New York, who was spending an evening in a country tavern, casting about him for some amusement.—Feeling secure in the possession of the most money, he made the following offer:

"I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The one who holds out longest, shall take the whole and treat the company."

"I'll do it," said an old farmer. The cockney dropped in a quarter—the countryman followed with a "Bungtown" copper.

"Go on, said the cockney,

"I won' said the farmer, 'take the whole and treat the company"

'Where are you bound Jack!' asked Ben Bowlinh of his ship-mate.

'To Chus-an, first and then to Hav-Anna,' answered Jack.

'I've just looked in to see if you are doing well,' as the cook said to the lobster, when she lifted the lid up.

'You have warmed my jacket,' as the roasted potato said to the oven.

I protest against that, as the notary said to the dishonored draft.

'Ah?' said a Dutchman, 'op oll te shell fish in te worldt, sour crout ish te best item oll!' 'Och ye fool, replied Pat, 'it's nothing to be compared to a maley peraty

'Does your dog take the water, said a gentleman to a rustic, who had a water spaniel following him. 'Why, yes, sir, if they put meal in't" was the reply.

MODESTY.—Well—and, once there was a young fiddler.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WISH.

I wish she was not beautiful.
I wish her hue was brown
I wish I could, indifferent,
Behold her smile or frown,
I wish her brown and glossy hair
Hung not in radiant curls—
I wish her lip unlike the rose
Her teeth unlike to pearls.

I wish that blush of modesty,
Less frequent tinged her cheek,
I wish her blue and beaming eye
Had not such power to speak—
That such enchanting melody
Dwelt not upon her tongue,
Or, that, with less of purity,
Less moving were her song.

I wish her step was not so light,
I wish a blemished speak
Or two bedimmed her lilly white.
Her finely rounded neck—
I wish her form possess'd less grace,
Less gentleness her mein—
I wish that her bewitching face
Mine eyes had never seen;

Blame not my heart's despairing rage.
I know it is profane,
To wish that Nature's fairest page.
Had e'er received a stain
'Twere happier if unblest of sight,
I trode life's dreary maze,
Than hope! as live in beauty a light,
And worship while I gaze,

Nay, e'en than hope's most flattering dream
Should fortune kinder prove;
And in such beauty's tender beams
I found requited love—
Before, with eager clasp could I—
Her loveliness unfold;
My heart would heave its latest sigh
In ecstacy unfold.

— —

☞A popular writer thus truly, forcibly, graphically, and elegantly, depicts 'Public Opinion.'

'It is public opinion that regulates all the concerns of this great world of ours. This it is that forms men into communities, and institutes the necessary regulations for the public weal; that decides what shall be the form of government, making one country a republic, and another a monarchy—and that regulates manners and customs, perpetuating or changing them to suit itself. How pervading its influence? How tremendous its power! It is the lever of Archimendous? It is the thunderdolt of Jupiter! It is the tornado, the deluge, the earthquake, the volcano? Nought of earth can resist its might, It is stronger than law, violating it at will—stronger than constitutions, changing them at pleasure—stronger than kings, deposing them at a breath—stronger even than truth, prostrating her oftimes in the dust.

In commenting on the above, the editor of the N. Y. Christian Messenger pertinently remarks.

We may suggest the idea, that if such is the power of public opinion, if it overthrew Napoleon, and nations are subject to its sway,' many are liable to be misguided by its influence. How many there are, who, either too indolent to investigate for themselves, or too much engrossed in other matters, passively adopt such religious views as are popular?—Public opinion may be wrong—and while it 'prostrates truth in the dust,' it may prevent the weak and timid from investigating, and embracing, and openly acknowledging the truth.

Let us not then adopt any sentiment merely because it is sanctioned by powerful, mighty public opinion. Neither the doctrine of endless misery nor any of its kindred notions are necessarily true because of this sweeping 'tarnado,' this 'tremendous power, this thunderbolt'—public opinion. 'Let us to the law and the testimony, for if we speak not according to these, it is because there is no light in us.'

NOT SO.—Marshall and Webb were no indicted in Delaware, because one stood in that State and the other in Pennsylvania,—The question has been mooted, whether any offence could have been committed against the "peace and dignity of either State, at the combatants *stood* in one and *fired* into the other.—*Star*.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

This is a splended Newspaper Printed at Philadelphia the most beautifully embellished we ever saw. We are sorry we can not say enough on the merits of the paper from an injury we received in our right hand."

SELECT AND ORIGINAL GEMS FROM.

Miss Leslie,	Mr. Arthur,
Miss. Sigourney,	Mr. Irving,
Miss Sedgwick,	Mr. Cooper,
Mrs. Hale,	Mr. Morris,
Mrs. Stephens,	Mr. Chandler,
Mrs. Loud,	Dr. Bird,
Miss H Gould,	&c. &c. &c.

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CIGARS.

Regalia	Principe Perez
Reformers	Principe Delgado
Imperial	Principe Mellina
Cazadores	Havana Legitimo
Rifle	Trabacos Superiore
Industry	Canones
Havana Laflor	La Nooma

Also Cigars of every variety extant.

CHEWING TOBACCO.

Bridges's Diamond Jesse Hare's sun cured
Russell & Robertsons Wright's
Holsey's Gold Chop Small Lump of v. brds

SNUFFS.

President's Mixture	Rappee
Maccaboy	Natchitoches
Congress	Snuff Boxes of b, pat.

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W. H. WINTER.

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Manufactured by James Jack.

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MEN'S fine seal, Morocco, and calf boots
Do grain, Calf and Kip welted, do.
Do coarse thick do.
Do Brogans and Monroe do.
Do pumps and Calf . . shoes.
BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal. and Morocco walking do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above. JAMES H. BIRCH.

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His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

JAMES P. GANNON.

December 10, 1841.

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He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

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JAMES T: KING.

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COFFEE HOUSE.

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WILLIAM BENTER

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—*Printed and published by B. M'Makin and E. Holden, at No. 79, Dock street, corner of Walnut.*

Terms of subscription—$3 per annum, $2 if paid in advance, $1 25 in advance for six months.

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Agents for this paper are earnestly requested to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep accounts even.

When a single paper is ordered by an agent and postage accrues, it is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

$100 REWARD.
DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMFOUND.

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from urethra of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend so both time and money with such quacknostrums as cannot be depended upon: when a $1, you can purchase a pleasant sure and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance! One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue—and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

FRESH
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS
For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at
J. F. CALLAN'S,
Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street
WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celer white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple: Endive Curled, Kale for Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch and all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes—Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red and silve, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, and late, Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, preminum, Radishes, many sorts, Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Spinage round and quickly—Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind: Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly he Dahlias, are of the most beautiful description, comprise all the varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices.

*** Orders from distance punctually attended to, and Seeds Roots, and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

JOSEPH NOCK.—(formerly of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 12th and 13th Streets, South side, next door to the Star Coffee House, Washington, D. C. Manufacturer of Patent Trunk, Pad and Other Locks, warranted Security of BRAMAS, and other improved Patents for Banks, Stores, Prisons, Dwelling Houses, with Safety Tumbler Night Latches, and small keys; Secret and Extra Locks, made to order, with the key carried in a Finger-ring, for small as well as for large front door locks.

N. B. Repairing in generel, not only of Locks, but Clocks, Musical and Mathematical Instruments, &c. Also, Polishing or Cleaning of any instruments or machinery of metal, will be neatly and promptly executed.

MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn, avenue between Third and Four-and a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c. made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.

PROPOSALS
FOR
PUBLISHING BY *SUBSCRIPTION*

The Authentic Report of the Controversial Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev. THOMAS MAGUIRE, and the Rev. R. T. P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most, remarkable controversal discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty-one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary avidity and in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhausted to the last copy—and the demand for it from all quarters. Catholic and Protestante being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price for to put it within the reach of all without distressing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

PROPOSALS

For publishing at Paris, On a Religious Newspaper to be called

THE LADIES' ROSEBUD.

BY ELIZABETH S. F. BOYLE.

The following subjects will receive attention: Society: Etiquett: & Character: Poetry: Moral Tales. Botany: Kitchen & Pastry Cooking: Duties Of Wives & Mothers: Temperance: Health: Gymnastics: Humorisms: &c.

TERMS.—The "ROSE BUD" will be published weekly, on good medium paper, and new type, and furnished to subscribers at the low price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable at the end of six months, or 75 cents in Advance. 6 copies for Five Dollars.—19 copies for Dollars.

AGENCIES—Ministers of the Gospel, and their Ladies, Editors, Post Masters, Sunday School Teachers, and Ladies who choose to do so, are authorized to act as agents, to whom a compensation of 10 per cent will be allowed, if they desire it. It is desirable to have subscriptions as soon as possible, as I wish to loose no time in commencing the publication, which will be as soon as 200 names are procured.

Editors are respectfully requested to copy this prospectus.

N. B. Subscribers taken for any length of time—subscriptions under 6 months must be paid *invariably in advance.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

TEN NEW NOVELS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

The Publishers of Brother Jonathan will continue the publication of complete new works in extra numbers of their paper, at least as often as once a fortnight during the remainder of the year.

Such arrangements have been made in London, as must ensure the earliest possible receipt of all new English publications—and in many instances advance copies of popular novels will be purchased, to be published in an Extra Brother Jonathan simultaneously with their appearance on the other side of the Atlantic.

With such facilities, the Jonathan publishers trust they shall merit the extremely liberal patronage thus far bestowed on their new plan of publication. First in the field, as they always have been in the production of literary novelties, they feel gratified in announcing that notwithstanding a rival establishment has followed closely in their footsteps in this new enterprise—the sales of all the new works published by them have averaged over 25,000 copies each.

TERMS OF THE EXTRA BROTHER JONATHAN:

TEN COPIES FOR ONE DOLLAR, or 12½ cents single.

Persons forwarding us one dollar, free of postage, will be entitled to ten different complete new works, as they are published.

The country edition of the Extra Brother Jonathan is, by a decision of the Postmaster General, subject to newspaper postage only. The city edition will be neatly bound in a yellow cover. Letters should always be post-paid, or franked by a postmaster according to law.

*** Our editions of "Eva," "Gaspar the Pirate," "Father Connel," and "Zanoni," being entirely exhausted, we are unable to supply further orders for those four works.

WILSON AND COMPANY, Publishers
162 Nassau-street. New-York

CHARLES CAHAN.

Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of Sixth street and Penn. Avenue, where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and transients, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public in general for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

CONFECTIONARY.

THE SUBSCRIBER having removed from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, below the UNION TAVERN, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of article in his line—Cakes of every description, Candies in every variety, Fruit Nuts, &c.

E. BARNS.

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In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S,

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celer white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled, Kale for Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch and all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes—Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red and silve, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, and late, Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, preminum, Radishes, many sorts, Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Spinage round and quickly—Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

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JOSEPH NOCK.—(formerly of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 12th and 13th Streets, South side, next door to the Star Coffee House, Washington, D. C. Manufacturer of Patent Trunk, Pad and Other Locks, warranted Security of BRAMAS, and other improved Patents for Banks, Stores, Prisons, Dwelling Houses, with Safety Tumbler Night Latches, and small keys; Secret and Extra Locks, made to order, with the key carried in a Finger-ring, for small as well as for large front door locks.

N. B. Repairing in general, not only of Locks, but Clocks, Musical and Mathematical Instruments, &c. Also, Polishing or Cleaning of any instruments or machinery of metal, will be neatly and promptly executed.

MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn, avenue between Third and Four-and-a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c. made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.